THE RIVAL PREACHERS.

Rev. Jehosaphat Hobbs Has a Difficulty with Brother Strawfoot

How They Rassled Over the Funeral Sermon-Mighty Doings Before the Licker Was Spilt.



one in the far re moved and rugged community of 'Possum Trot was better known or more highly respected than Old Cado Minks. He had never held office, had never killed any one, had never been director general at the hanging of a horse-thief, and had never attempted any sort of social reform, and yet he was placed upon a high hill of esteem. But there was a reason for this. Old Cado owned a distillery. He made the blazing apple-brandy and the colorless whisky known as "white mule," and in that community money may be respected as a kind of side show, but whisky is the circus. A wreath of tender regard may surround a fast horse, but a chaplet of love is placed upon the brow of "licker." No wonder, then, that Old Cado held so warm a place in the hearts of his coun

trymen. One day the neighborhood was profoundly stirred upon learning that Cado's wife was dead. What a positive joy it was for the women that went to the house to offer their assistance; what a pleasure it was to the men that stood about whittling the rail fence and cast ing anxious glances toward the house to see if Cado were coming with the jug.

When the time for the funeral came, there arrived two important characters, parsons Hobbs and Strawfoot. They were not of the conventional cloth, having merely taken out exhorters' licenses from the county court, which granted them the privilege of "whooping it up" at camp meetings, but also giving them the right, upon a pinch, to preach funeral sermons.

Hobbs was short and fat; Strawfoot was tall and lean. Hobbs bellowed when he talked; Strawfoot wheezed like a dry pump.

"What did you come here for?" Hobbs asked, turning to Strawfoot.

"I come here to preach this here funeral," Strawfoot answered. "Wall, now, you may preach all you

want, but you shan't put in your hooks until I get through." "We'll see about that; I come here

in' to do it or see a mighty plain reason lieker." why writ up on the wall." "Oh, don't you fret about the reason. It will be writ plain enough."

"That mout be, but you kain't write

"I reckon I kin for I have writ a good many things in my time. I've writ Strawfoot. things that would make you bat yo' eyes."

leaving off his whittling and address- rels of salt." ing the exhorters, "don't git into a jower here. Old Cado is sore afflicted, an' it see you quarrellin' as to who shall preach his wife's funeral. It don't make



WHAT DID YOU COME HERE FOR? preached, an' 1 reckon one of you kin preach it as well as the other. Hush. now, all hands. Here comes Cado wit'.

the jug." The old distiller gave each eager maa drink and then as he placed the jug

under a tree, remarked: "I 'lowed to myse'f just now that hearn somebody a jowerin'." "Yes," Hobbs answered, "it war Straw-

"Beg yo' pardon," said Strawfoot, "it

war you. Brother Cado, I come here to preach yo' wife's funeral, but this feller lows I shan't." "What was that you called me?"

"I didn't call you nothin', but I stand here flat footed an' say that I ain't goin' to be beat out of my jest rights by no fly up the creek. That's what I say. You can't preach no how."

"The deuce I can't. I'll leave it to the crowd if I can't preach all round you, three times out of fo'." "Shucks, feller, I kin preach the socks

offen you." "Ah, but you didn't do it down at the spout spring. I fetch up three mourners

an' you didn't git none. "Oh, yes, you got three, but who was they? One was yo' son-in-law an' the other two was fellers that are courtin' yo' gals, an' repo't do say that you give yo' son-in-law—and a wus knock-kneed human critter I never seen—a side of bacon to go up."

"Hol' on now, parsons," said Cado, "It don't make no diffunce who preaches the funeral. Both of you kin preach well enough an narry one of you kin preach to hurt, so what is the use of mowlin' about it. To tell you both the honest truth, I think it's licker you want, which I am puffeckly willin' to give, so the one that will agree not to preach may have this here jug."

Both men made a lunge for the jug. "Hold on here," exclaimed Hobbs, "you air goin' to preach the funeral." "No, you air," cried Strawfoot, "You

have been intendin' to do it longer than I have. Gimme this licker." "Won't do it, for it's mine. I kain't preach as well as you kin, an' you know

"O! yes you kin. You kin preach me bald-headed any day. Turn loose this

"Hold on now, parsons-jest wait a minit. This ain't no way to act on such an occasion. I jest wanted to find out the best preacher, so I kin git him to do the work, for the man that do preach the Word over my wife is goin' to git fo' gallons of the best licker I've got." "I'm the best," yelled Hobbs, turning

loose the jug. "No he ain't!" howled Strawfoot

"Thar it is again," said the old man. 'We ain't no closer to a settlement than we was at fust. I know it's a mighty odd thing to do at a funeral, but I've got a proposition to make. Now, I like both of you about the same and want to do the far thing. How air you on the rassle?" "What do you mean by that?" Straw-

foot asked. "Why, I mean to give this funeral to

the man that kin fling the other one down the best three outen five." "But the folks would all declar us

heathens if we was to do sich a thing," Hobbs protested. "All right, then. Let Strawfoot do

the preachin'." "No, I won't agree to that."

"Wall, then you'll hatter rassle." "I ain't no rassler," said Strawfoot



IT IS NOT FAIR TO STICK AGIN THE WALL "I kin run putty peart, but I never could rassle to do no good."

"All right, then. You'll hatter let to preach this here sarmon an' I'm go- Hobbs do the preachin' an' git the

"No, I won't agree to that." "All right, then you will come to my terms."

"I believe I can throw you," Hobbs remarked, turning and looking, with a sort of measuring eye, at the gaunt

"Yes, you believe a good many things that ain't true. I know how to handle "Come, parsons," said an old man, such fellers as you air. I uster roll bar-

"Ab, ha! an' I uster cut hoop poles." "Wall, I recken you air about ripe will tech him mightily in the quick to for it now," said Cado. "Come on out here in the lot we will soon fix it." They went into a lot. It was an oda no difference who preaches it so it's match. One fellow spoke of it as the contest between the churn dasher and the nail keg.

"Keep yo' eye on yo' warp an' look out for yo' fillin'," Strawfoot replied. Hobbs fell on his back with a resounding "hick." They went at it again, ground" with Strawfoot.

"Hold on," demanded old Cado, "I see that you are too well matched, an' we will thurfo' have to try it in another way. We'll see which one of you kin stand the most. Ab. hab, I have hit the very thing. Both of you go down knee deep-an' see which one kin stand it the longest, an' the one that comes out last may do the preachin'."

Both men scrambled down into the well. "This water ain't no slouch," said Hobbs, trying to stand on one foot. "I ain't felt nothin' colder since I war frost bit," Strawfoot answered; "but I am goin' to stick it out."

"All right, I'm with you. When it plaster. I have made up my mind to preach that funeral an' git that licker, an' I'm goin' to stay right here."

"Yes, but let me tell you that yo' shanks will be mighty cold befo' you taste any of that licker. You'll need it, I reckon, mo' than you ever needed any thing in this world."

About half an hour later Hobbs exclaimed: "Oh, hold on thar, now. It ain't far to stick agin the wall."

"Any thing is far when thar is so much at stake. Wush I could stick up here but I kain't. I wonder if a fat adays, and the more he has the less the man kin stand cold water better than a lean man kin, anyhow."

"I don't know about that," Hobbs answered, "but I do know that my shanks air about friz. I believe we was fools to try sich a sperryment. Let's git out" "You go on if you want to."

"Oh, no. If I was ter, you would be the last out an' git the licker. Tell you what's let us do: You preach the funeral an' we will divide the licker." "All right. Why didn't we think of

that befor." They climbed out and went to the house. The place was deserted. They looked at each other and then, looking down the road, saw the people coming back from the burying-ground. OPIE P. READ.

MINT DIRECTOR LEECH.

HE IS INTERVIEWED BY OUR WASH-INGTON CORRESPONDENT.

Interesting and Instructive Information Regarding the Coins of the United States—The Excellence of the American Alloys-England's Antiquated Mint.

[Special Correspondence.] WASHINGTON, June 80 .- For a month or more congress has excited itself and interested the country with its agitation of silver. After listening to innumerable speeches on the desirability or the danger of remonetization of the white metal, it was an agreeable relief to go over to the treasury department and sit down and talk about silver and gold with one who knows the technique as well as the princi ples of money making, and who also has ome idea of associating the fine arts with the mechanical operations of coining. Director of the Mint Leech is a man who has grown up amid the jingle of coin. Eighteen years of service have only intensified his love for his profession, and at hour's conversation with him is like skimwing the cream off two decades of thought-'ul observation of the money question. He is at present very anxious to secure passage by congress of an act authorizing the director of the mint to change the designs of Uncle Sam's coins.

"Our coins should be artistic and characteristic," said Mr. Leech. "The designs now in use are not artistic. If we are going to increase our coinage of silver dollars we should have a better design than the Philadelphia school marm. We used to have a classical Liberty head, borrowed from France, but she has disappeared. If you want to see the difference between ar artistic coin and an inartistic one, get a French silver franc and compare it with the young woman on one of our silver dollars. As for the eagle on the other side of our dollar, it is not at all an heroic bird. It looks as much like a buzzard as anything else. The suggestion has been made that on our new silver dollar we place a portrait of Washington, and one idea is that it be an equestrian picture. This would certainly make a beautiful design, strong and striking; the objection to it being that with a borse the portrait could not be made, as perfect as if the whole of the coin were callen up with the head. But I do not think this a valid objection, for the reason that portraiture is no longer desirable on

coins. "Several novel suggestions have been made in reference to a new design for the silver dollars," continued Mr. Leech. One was that we make one die containing a map of the state of Maine, another of New Hampshire, another of Vermont, and so on until we had dies of all the states and territories in the Union, these to be used in equal proportions in the coinage of the fu-



ture. The idea in this is that the coins will thus be made of educational value in teaching the masses something about the geography of their country. I need scarcely add that I do not favor making a geographical text book of the silver dollar. Another suggestion, and a more artistic one, is that we use portraits of all the prominent men of our history, stamping a few millions in honor of one man and a few millions in honor of another till all have been thus

"There are living men who think themselves great enough to adorn the silver dollar. This suggestion was made to me by & certain member of congress-that we put upon the new silver dollar portraits of ten or a doz 1 of the most conspicuous champions of remonetization of silver. He thought this would be a graceful and artistic recognition of their services, and, of course, he expected to be one of the honor able dezen. I don't think this plan will be and this time Hobbs "thrashed the adopted. The seals of the various states, outline pictures of the Capitol, the Wash ington monument and other public build ings have been suggested.

"The most novel suggestion which has vet reached this office concerning a desigu for the silver dollar is an outgrowth of the prevailing passion for pictures of pretty women. The man who offered this plan in that well out thar-the water ain't was a photographer in New York, who said he had been at work for some years making a collection of photographs of the beautiful women of America. He wanted us to take his photographs, several thousand in number, have a composite picture made of them all and use the result as the sum and essence of American beauty and the ideal head of Liberty. I admire pretty women as much as any one, but I don't think this plan will do. In choosing a de sign for a silver dollar we can hardly afford comes to stickin', w'y I am a regular to go into competition with the makers of cigarette pictures. My admiration for the beauty of American woman is so great, and my desire to improve our coins so keen, that I want first of all to get rid of the Philadelphia school marm on the collar and then of the young woman from Arkansas sitting on a bale of cotton on the half dollar and quarter. Another design that could be dispensed with to advantage is the Indian on the penny. The law says the design on the face of the penny shall typify liberty, but I cannot see the relation between liberty and the head of an Indian, for the Indian has very few liberties now-

people like it."
"Which nation, in your opinion, has the prettiest coins?" "I like the German coins better than any other, though the French and English are both artistic. There is one good thing about the German coins—they have raised letters running about on the periphery. This interferes with the practice, which is more common in this country than most people suppose, of drilling into a coin and taking out the gold. This can be done without much danger of detection with our gold coins, as the base metal used for filling the cavity will produce so nearly the same weight that without weighing it is impossible to detect the fraud. Very often the treasury department finds gold coins which have been relieved of a part of their precious substance. Such coins can not be

for remelting, the owner being paid their exact value. With raised letters on the periphery drilling is very likely to be discovered; but the objection to the raised letters is that they cause the coin to abrade much more rapidly than it would other-

"What is the cost of coining a silver dol-

"A little less than one and one-half cents. When the law directed us, some years ago to coin silver trade dollars we estimated that they would cost about a cent apiece. But the expense has been more than that, and was very nearly up to a cent and a half. Probably we have the finest mints in the world. A friend of mine, who had been superintendent of the mint at San Francisco, is now in Europe. Here is a letter which I have just received from him, telling of his visit to the Royal mint of London. If there is any mint in the world in which one would expect to find the finest machinery and most perfect methods it is the Royal mint, and yet my friend writes me that he was astonished at what he saw in that establishment. They are there at least one hundred years behind us, using clumsy old machinery long since discarded in this country. Probably the expense of coinage is twice as great there as here. The only thing in which they excel us is an automatic weighing machine which very rapid rate. Our weighing is all done by women, and I suppose if we should attempt to introduce the automatic machines a great wail of lamentations would proceed from our weighers. To show you how wedded to their idols the British coiners are I will mention the fact that our alloy of gold is now the model for all the principal nations, England alone excepted On the continent of Europe they took a lot of our gold coins and the coins of other countries and put them in a barrel or some sort of shaker and shook them up for a few hours and then took them out and weighed them carefully. Our coins had suffered much less abrasion than any of the others and our alloys were thereupon adopted by the continental nations. What coins are our mints now turning

"The silver dollar still takes the lead, year we turned out nearly 35,000,000 silver dollars. This seems like a large number, though it is but a little more than one dollar for every two inhabitants, and the people do not seem to want the silver dollars, for they continue to pile up in the treasury vaults. We coined during last year only 12,000 or 13,000 half dollars. It is an odd fact that the half dollar will not go in this country. It is an unpopular coin. We send out a lot of half dollars, and the first thing we know they are coming back again. The treasury is already loaded with them. It is eleven years since we coined any considerable number of half dollars. The quarter is a little more popular, but a very limited coinage satisfies the demand for them, too. Of dimes, on the other hand, the people cannot get enough. Last year we coined nearly " million dollars' worth, and the mints are now chiefly occeanied with the little ten cent pieces. In 1887 we coined \$1,575,000 worth of dimes, and thought we had more than met the demand. But the country swallows dimes as a flock of blackbirds do kernels of corn.

"Are the other minor coins equally pop-

"The nickel and the penny are in grea demand. In the last eight years we have coined no fewer than 92,000,000 nickels, and we are still turning them out at the rate of ten millions or so a year. Last year we coined nearly fifty million pennies, and the demand continues unabated. The west is age of cents go up to a hundred million pieces in a year." "We are still coining gold?"

"Yes, but not in such great quantities as formerly. Gold is not very popular either with the banks or the people except in the far west. The bulk of the gold coin in the 000,000, three-fourths of it in double engles, and nearly all of the remainder in eagles. The five dollar, three dollar and dollar gold pieces are not in much demand, and our coinage of all three last year amounted to

only \$125,000. We estimate that there is in the country about \$522,000,000 of gold coin, and last year we made a thorough effort to ascertain where that coin was. We succeeded in locating a little more than onenational banks \$72,000,000 and other banks down approximately as the sum deposited in the stockings of the people or in actual use in trade. Probably one-half of this is west of the Rocky mountains."

"How much money has Uncle Sam coined since he went into the business?" "Two billions one hundred and seventeen millions of dollars. Of this nearly

three-fourths has been of gold, one-fourth of silver, and a small sum (\$21,000,000) in comparison with the total, minor coins, The greatest coinage in any one year was in 1881, when the total reached \$125,000,000. The smalless coinage in any one year was in 1815, when we ran down to \$20,000. Our government has been very consistent in its coinage, and it is really remarkable that our minting system should have been left so much undisturbed during a hundred years. The amount of gold in our gold coins has not been changed since we first began coinage in 1793. The alloy has been changed, but not the amount of pure gol 1. Double eagles were not coined till 1850, but they have since been very popular. The gold dollar was not coined till 1849, and the three dollar piece not till 1854. This has never been a popular coin, and only 500,000 of them have been made altogether. The first year's coinage of the Republic brought forth gold eagles and half eagles, then dollars, half dollars and half dimes. The quarter dollar and the dimes were added the next year. From 1806 to 1840 no silver dollars were coined, the half dollar being then the favorite. In 1851 the mints began turning out silver three cent pieces, and more than a million dollars of them were coined before public opinion, tweety years later, called a halt. Of that other abomination, the silver twenty cent piece, \$260,000 was coined in 1876 and 1877. Then that was stopped. In 1793 the government began coining cents and half cents. Of the latter only \$40,000 was coined altogether, the last piece of that denomination being made in 1857. The two cent piece was started in 1864, and in five or six years about \$900,000 of them were turned out. None have been made since 1872. The three cent piece was started in 1805, and the ever popular nickel in 1866. I have here mentioned all the coins ever turned out of our mints, excepting the trade dollar, and you can see that our coinage has not been of very extensive variety. We have variety enough. What we need is some new designs, and if congress will give us authority I propose to ask the artists of the country to compete for prizes to be offered for the best designs for the silver coins. ROBERT GRAVES.

to with them is to send them to the mints | PRISON HELLS OF SIBERIA

Two Letters Just Received by Leo Hartman from Exiles in Siberia.

New Light on Prison Outrages-The Long Road Across Siberia-A Letter from the Prison in Oust-Kara and One from Verhollensk.

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It is my pleasure to supply the demand for information regarding Siberian prisons by placing before my readers two letters, written by women exiled in Siberia, which I recently received. These letters present a timely addition to what became recently known concerning Siberia and an interest the greater, in that, to my belief, they are the only ones of the kind that ever reached America.

They will argue with the readers the subject of Russian Nihilism and Imperial despotism in a way and with an impartiality of which I am not capable; for, while I, as an interested party, might not be absolutely impartial, as I might view the facts in a light to suit the interests of Nihilists, of whom I weighs the coins and runs them along at a am one; yet the letters from Siberia do not place their authors at such a disadvantage. They were written to the friends and relatives of the exiled women and with a tenor that leaves no doubt in their genuineness and sin-

One is written in Oust-Kara "Political Prison" and its author, a lady twentytwo years old, condemned to ten years at hard labor in the gold mines of that locality, judiciously left her name unsigned. It was well she did so, for, had her letter been intercepted by the Government of the Czar and her identity established, she would have been hung.

The other letter bears the date of Verholiensk, a settlement on the river Lena, in Eastern Siberia. Its author, also a woman, and but three years older though we are coining fewer pieces of sil- than her fellow sufferer, is undergoing ver than we were a few years ago. Last a sentence of twenty years at hard labor. She signed it with a fletitious name of V. Alexandrova, by which she is known only to her friends.

Eastward from St. Petersburg for nearly five thousand miles the great Siberia highway runs across the boundless prairies of European and Asiatic Russia, to the lake of Baikal on the Western border of the Transbaikal province of Sibera; and only one comparatively insignificant range of Ural mountains-the dividing line between Europe and Asia-disturbs the level of the vast domain of the Czar. This is the road by which the exiled Nihilists are conveyed under heavy guard to their destination in the province of Trans-

It takes them two and often three years to reach the city of LaKontik, the capital of the province. Likewise, it takes two, three, and even more years for a letter of a Nihilist located in the province to reach Europe; for which case they are exposed to the scrutiny of the unscrupulous Prussian officials, but through unofficial channels, which, although slow, present a greater safety. Such was the way the letters came to me. On their way they beginning to take pennics and nickels, and changed many hands before they could I should not be surprised to see one coin- be intrusted to the safe hands of the British and United States mail. They traveled for over three years, as the date upon them-August 28, 1886proves; and yet they possess the freshness of the latest news. The readers will undoubtedly remember that all the country is held on the Pacific coast. Our recent cable news of which I spoke becoinage of gold last year amounted to \$21,- fore, pertained to events in Siberia which occurred also three years ago.

OUST KARA, Aug. 28, 1886. My Dear Friend: Since the order of Louis Melikoff began to be enforced our situation became actually desperate, so much so that Radin, our friend at Lower Kara, took his life by poisoning; Simonofsky ofollowed him, and Mary Kovhalf of it. The treasury held \$246,000,000, alsky became hopelessly demented. She is with us, however, and the cease-\$34,000,000. This leaves about \$272,000,000 less maniacal cries and the distortions unaccounted for, and this may be put of the face of our demented friend fairly bid us all to lose our reason. The secret order, moreover, affected our sit-



BRUTALITY TO FEMALE PRISONERS.

uation in more than one way-it left us without the aid of our friends and relalations, while the prison food is utterly unwholesome and insufficient. Already acute and chronic catarrh and scurvy

are common to all of us. Our daily labors consist of cleaning the prison wards, scrubbing, washing, sewing and cooking, and once each day we are unlocked for half an hour. We go to the prison-yard, and, passing between two lines of soldlers, we reach a wood-yard. Here we load ourselves The principle source of warming the with firewood and return to prison. The treatment accorded to us by the prison officials is rough and insulting. From the commandant down to the warder and his assistants-all the officials look for an excuse to strike a blow or to curse in a way I can not repeat. Four years am I here confined, yet I am unable to harden my nerves and to get used to the abuse without the deepest emotion. To give you an example of the abuse let me narrate to you an occur-

rence of an average temper: The day before last Mary Kovalsky (demented) and Armfeldt were escorted to the bath house. On their way they halted in front of the store house requesting the permission of their guard

to get some clean clothing-they had the permission of the commandant pro-cured beforehand. "Forward, march!" commanded the guard officer in reply to their request. "But!" exclaimed Armfeldt, "the commandant-" At this moment a blow from a soldier knocked her down. With butt end of their rifles the soldiers began to batter her on the head, arms and back. Bruised and bleeding, she screamed at the top of her voice; we heard her; we rushed to the windows. You may perceive the effect of the scene we witnessed. Blood rushed to our heads; we lost self-command; our screams filled the prison wards, and brought down from his office the warder. He stopped the beating of Armfeldt, and then, like a maddened beast, rushed at us. "Silence," commanded he in a tone that promised no good. His eyes fell upon me. I was crying. "The guard," commanded he, and a squad of soldiers surrounded me. They beat me. O, how terribly they



tortured met Sophie Shihterstood next to me. Overcome with fear and emotion she fell to the ground, beating her head against the walls and screaming. It seems as if all of us became mad.

There are punishments prescribed by the code of the prison rules for every trifling offense; but this is not enough for them, and we are hourly subjected to insults and punishments for no offense at all. The soldiers are ordered to treat us insultingly, and for every instance of their not having acted with appropriate brutality they are severely punished. Here is an instance. A few days ago when, loaded with firewood, we were returning to the prison, the commandant ordered the soldiers to "drag" us What caused him to act this way we can not understand. He meant what he ordered, while the soldiers interpreted his command in a more liberthe safety of the exiles and their al way. How could they understand friends and relations demand that they him otherwise! We meant no resistshould be forwarded not by mail, in ance, committed no offense, and were actively going in the direction in which we were to be dragged. So the soldiers were content with pushing forward one or the other and striking an occasional blow. They paid dearly for their insubordination; the court-martial sentenced them to imprisonment.

Few words more concerning our mutual friends. Misses Rousenkova and Leshern von Herzfeldt are here undergoing life sentences; Misses Kovalsky (demented) and Armfeldt got fourteen years of hard labor each; Koutidonskaia and Savandovitch, four years; Levenzon, eight years, and Shihter, six years, of hard labor. Shihter is rapidly sinking; would not live to see the new year. As to myself, a skeleton enveloped in a skin, this is how I look to my friends. My hope is vanishing; great effort is needed to keep up my courage and a desire to live. For God's sake write me, tell me a word of sympathy, wake me up from the state of mental lethargy which drags me to my grave.

VERHOLIENSK, Aug. 28, 1886.

My Dear Friend: It is now over a year since I wrote you my last, and although material to write you was not wanting I kept silent; what could I tell you? To speak of myself, of my suffering and sorrows, is to cause sorrow to you, whose happiness is dear to me. Therefore I shall not speak of myself; let me, instead, acquaint you with the country, whence I send you my love and this message.

Kouznetzoff writes from Bologansk (about 120 miles from the town of Jakontsk) settlement: The Jakontes. amongst whom he with some other of our friends live, are a good-hearted, hospitable people, but primitive in their mode of living and utterly filthy in their habits. They live in "urta" (log houses), together with whole herds of their cows, and nothing to divide the men from beasts except a thin board partition. The Jakoutes never change their clothing-once put on it is worn until completely rotten; it falls off their bodies. On special occasions and holy days, however, they dress profusely, and then precious furs of sable and silver fox and heavy silver ornaments hide the dirty underclothing.

His present home is one of the Jakont urtas. There is no floor in it to speak of; mud takes the place of boards. A fire-place without a chimney emits clouds of smoke, which fills the house and finds its way out as best as it can through holes in the roof and walls. house is, however, furnished by the cows, of whom there thirty. They impregnate the atmosphere inside with such a stench, as makes life not worth living, excepting to Jakontes. Food supply is another of the dilemmas hard to solve. Although cattle are plentiful, meat is not procurable upon their scanty allowance from the Government -nine roubles (about \$3.50) per month. Salt is to be got only on rare occasions and at enormous prices. In a word, the allowance is barely enough to buy bread

This is all I can tell you, my dear friend: and no better picture is needed.

to understand our situation. V. ALEXANDROVA. LEO HARTMAN.